

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND.—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Copper.



A HOLIDAY RAMBLE IN DEVONSHIRE.

## GEORGE BURLEY;

HIS HISTORY, EXPERIENCES, AND OBSERVATIONS.

BY G. H. SARGENT, AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES OF A CITY ABAB."

CHAPTER XXXIX.—AT FALMOUTH, IN DEVONSHIRE, WHERE I MEET WITH AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE IN A NEW CHARACTER.

I WISH it to be understood that I am not writing, nor did I ever intend to write, a formal autobiography. I shall make no further apology, therefore, for omitting not only many passages in my life which have to me a strong interest, and which exercised an enduring influence on my course, but many others which might be

pleasant to the general reader, but have no direct bearing on my present story.

Guided by this principle, I pass over other two or three years, merely observing that, during that time, no change had taken place in Silver Square, save that my grandfather had become gradually more infirm, and that my relations with the Millmans had undergone no variation, except that my first prejudice against aunt Rhoda and Mary Millman had entirely disappeared, and given place to warm respect and admiration. As to Mr. Millman himself, if I had been his own son, he could not have treated me with more uniform kindness; and

Edwin was to me as a brother. I take my readers onward to a time between two and three years after my first introduction to business life. In consequence of some slight symptoms of pulmonary disease, young Millman was recommended by the doctors to pass a few weeks in Devonshire; and, at his earnest request, I was permitted to accompany him. It was early in spring, and it was the first lengthened holiday either Edwin or myself had taken since we left school. We were in the heyday of youth; and, as my companion's indisposition was not of such a nature or degree as to interfere with his full enjoyment of the charms of nature, and, moreover, as we were sufficiently supplied with funds, and had no urgent cares of life pressing upon us, we made the best we could of our short-lived liberty—especially when, after a few days' sojourn at a small town on the coast, Edwin's threatening symptoms seemed entirely to have disappeared.

Oh, how many delicious rambles we took over the hills! How many reckless, galloping rides on our spirited Exmoor ponies through the wonderful Devonshire lanes of which so many stories tell, on which so much poetic enthusiasm has been expended! How many gentle lulling sails we had on the rippled water of the broad bay, which reminded us of St. Judith's, and brought up reminiscences of our old school-days! I sometimes think of that Devonshire holiday now with strange feelings of delight, mingled with remembrances of great and grave sorrow. For with that holiday ended my romance of youth, and my first bitter experience of the vicissitudes of life. I will not anticipate, however.

We had been three or four weeks in—let me give the place a name, and call it Fairmouth. A stream, or a concatenation of streams, from the neighbouring hills, widening into a pretty little river when the valley was reached, ran into the bay. The town was tolerably full of visitors, principally from the surrounding provinces; but we had made no acquaintance with any of them—partly from diffidence, I suppose, and partly because we were each satisfied with the other's society. There was no great abundance of amusement for idlers in Fairmouth. Through the winter I believe there had been balls and concerts for those who patronized such gaieties; and for the more sober-minded portion of the community there had been lectures, public meetings of benevolent societies, and exhibitions of waxworks and wild beasts. But there had come a lull in these modest dissipations; and the Fairmouthers were supposed to be agog and gaping for some new excitement when, one fine morning, handbills were circulated from house to house, and posting-bills stuck upon the walls, announcing that Washington Rexworthy, Esq., would favour the nobility, gentry, and inhabitants generally of Fairmouth with a series of entertainments, extending through an entire working-day week, at the assembly-room of the Star and Garter, in the High Street. The entertainments were to consist of recitations from Milton, Shakespeare, Burns, and other poets; ventriloquism; imitations of various celebrated orators and actors; and feats of legerdemain; interspersed and varied by performances on musical glasses. All these difficult and diverse accomplishments, being combined in Washington Rexworthy, were to be exercised for the amusement of his audience, and his own benefit, between the hours of seven and ten. Front seats, 2s.; back seats, 1s.; gallery, 6d.; and children half-price.

Ridiculous as this bill of intellectual fare seems to me as I now write it down from memory, it was tempting enough then to two young men whose opportunities for recreation had been comparatively few, and who, just

then, had more time on their hands than they well knew what to do with. Accordingly we presented ourselves at the door of the assembly-room on the first evening of the entertainment, and, purchasing our tickets (which we had immediately to return), we modestly seated ourselves on one of the back benches.

It did not appear as though Fairmouth had been taken much by surprise by Washington Rexworthy. Either his name did not please, or his promises were not ample enough, or the pleasure-seekers were not yet recovered from the effects of the recent plethora of amusements, or they had not much money to spend; for, whatever the cause, the room was nearly empty when we entered, and, after a quarter of an hour and more had passed away, and the hands of the dial in front of the gallery pointed at that much after seven o'clock, only about a score of people were scattered over the back seats—the front or dress seats being quite empty.

Everybody knows—that is, everybody who is accustomed to public entertainments of this nature—what a keen appreciation audiences seem to have of the value of time, and how impatient they are of delay. Being very much like the rest of the world, therefore, the small company in the Fairmouth assembly-room began to show rather strong symptoms that they considered themselves to be ill-used. First, there was a comparison of watches with the visible timepiece; next, there were subdued murmurings, which gradually swelled into very audible grumblings; then followed shouts of "Time, time!" accompanied by coughing and stamping of the feet. Then parcel of school-boys (from the Fairmouth Day and Boarding Academy), who had been admitted into the gallery at half-price, I suppose thought it good fun to produce theretofore concealed penny whistles and cat-calls, with which they raised a perfectly hideous din. Eventually, however, the tumult was stilled by the appearance, on the platform or stage, of a well-known character in Fairmouth—a little, shabby, eccentric, and dissipated genius, who picked up a scanty livelihood by teaching music and drawing, and who, it appeared, had been engaged to accompany some of the performances on a jingling harpsichord, or, by the same means, to fill up gaps in the entertainment. Shuffling towards the instrument, which was a piece of stock furniture belonging to the assembly-room, this professional gentleman sat down, ran over the keys in ordinary music-master style, and commenced an overture, which so far pacified the audience as that it gave promise of the speedy commencement of the lagging performance.

Ten minutes were thus consumed, and then a curtain at the back of the platform was drawn aside, and the hitherto concealed Washington Rexworthy advanced.

"What a singular-looking fellow!" whispered Edwin to me as the performer silently bowed, laid his hand theatrically on his breast, and then looked around him, as I thought, in some dismay at the paucity of his patrons.

He was a strange-looking man, certainly; of middle age, or rather past; so, at least, his face would have said, though its evidence would have been partly contradicted by the remarkably fresh, and luxuriant, and glossy curling locks of deepest jet which surmounted his brow, almost covered his forehead, and rose pyramidal to a kind of blunt ridge on the top of his head, as was some time the fashion among fops when George IV was Prince Regent. He was rather neatly dressed, in evening costume, and the hand laid upon his heart was neatly gloved in white kid.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the orator, looking around him again with a forlorn smile, "I have the pleasure of appearing before you this evening—"

The voice, tone, manner, were enough. Before he opened his lips I had felt strangely perplexed. He was, and he wasn't, like William Bix; but I was sure now, without the shadow of a doubt, that my mercurial and unprincipled uncle was before me—in a new character.

"Don't you know him, Edwin?" I whispered to my companion.

"Seems as if I had met him, or seen him, or heard him somewhere before; but I cannot think where," he returned, with a puzzled look.

"At St. Judith's, for instance?" I said.

"At St. Judith's! Yes, to be sure. Why, 'tis Smithers, our old writing-master!"

#### CHAPTER XL.—AN ENTERTAINMENT, A CONVERSATION, AND A SUMMONS.

How Washington Rexworthy's entertainment went on and "went off" that evening, I have but a very faint remembrance. I know that in one of his recitations from Milton he personated Satan in his address to the sun, telling that luminary how he hated his beams; that presently, with Macbeth, he asked an invisible something at which he appeared to be staring, three feet from his nose, if it were a dagger, and why shouldn't he clutch it. I recollect, too, though very imperfectly, a number of glass vessels, ranging in size from that of an egg-cup to a punch-bowl, each half-filled with water, being put in due order on a long table or board, behind which he stood; and his drawing out from them some sounds resembling shrieks and groans, by means of a moistened finger rubbed upon their edges. Some remembrance I have, also, of his attempts at ventriloquism, which proved to be so much of a failure as to provoke derisive cheers and laughter from the boys in the gallery overhead, and a few vigorous hisses from an ill-mannered tailor on one of the back benches, which, however, brought down upon the malcontent the unfortunate (for him) but tempting cry of "Goose, goose!" from others of the audience, and so diverted attention and indignation from the poor ventriloquist. Finally, I believe, the evening's entertainment closed with the National Anthem, after an apparently impromptu address from the performer, in which he thanked his intelligent patrons for their patronage, and announced his intention of repeating his performances on the following evening, when he hoped to meet a more numerous assembly, composed of the wit, fashion, mind, and taste of the romantic town of Fairmouth; "united with the youthful, ardent intelligence of our friends from the metropolis," he added, glancing with such a meaning smile towards the bench on which Edwin and I were seated, that my hope that we had not been recognised was lost.

It is one of the disadvantages of secrets, even when they are right and proper, and honestly kept, that they sometimes place the custodian in a false position towards his immediate friends and familiar acquaintances. Here was I, for instance, on brotherly terms with Edwin Millman, and under deep obligations to his family; desirous, also, of exercising towards him the same entire confidence which I knew he reposed in me; and yet conscious of acting with duplicity towards him, not of my own free will, but because others, whether I would or not, had chosen to repose confidence in me.

Painfully feeling this, as we returned to our lodgings in Fairmouth, I would have avoided speaking of the evening's entertainment, and of the performer; while Edwin, ignorant of what was passing in my thoughts, seemed perversely bent on easing his mind of the natural surprise and curiosity which filled it.

"What an extraordinary thing that we should have

been brought into contact in this way with poor old Smithers!" he said.

"M-m—ah, yes; it is rather singular. Look, look, Edwin; there's a beautiful shooting-star. What a train it leaves behind it!"

"A meteor! Ah, a very fine one—very comonly seen on fine nights at this time of year," he rejoined, following the direction of my hand with his eyes till the evanescent streak of pale light had vanished.

"I wonder what meteors really are?" said I.

"There are a good many kinds of meteors," replied Edwin, repeating, without thinking at the moment that he derived his information from an old school-book of natural philosophy, or something of that sort, with which we had both been familiar enough at St. Judith's: "there are luminous and fiery meteors, for instance; and these include the Halo, the Parhelion, or mock sun, the Rainbow, the Fata Morgana, the Ignis Fatuus, the Aurora Borealis, Lightning, and the Stella Cadens, or falling star, such as that we have just witnessed."

"True; I remember all that; but what is a falling star—Stella Cadens?" I asked, glad to get away from Washington Rexworthy on any pretence.

"Ignis Fatuus, Aurora Borealis, the large Fire Balls, and the smaller ones, called falling stars, are said to be produced by certain—" said Edwin, dreamily; and then, rousing himself suddenly, he added, laughing, "But you know all this as well as I do, Hurly. I was thinking of poor Smithers. He seems a sort of Ignis Fatuus. I hope he won't turn out to be Stella Cadens. Hurly, I should like to see him."

"See him! We have seen enough of him this evening, have we not, Edwin?"

"Ah, but I mean see him in private. I wonder where he lodges? Suppose we were to call on him tomorrow?"

"Oh, that isn't worth while, is it? You know why he left St. Judith's. And he has changed his name, too; and your father said the other day he had no faith in any man who needed two names."

I should say here that Edwin had heard the story of Smithers's disgrace at St. Judith's from Marmaduke.

"But the poor fellow may be wanting a little help," said compassionating Edwin. "I thought he looked very woe-begone, though he did put a good countenance on just now; and I am sure, if he does not get a fuller room all the rest of the week than he has done this evening, it will be a losing speculation for him."

"For all that, I think it will be wiser for us to avoid him, if we can; at least, I would not search him out, I am afraid he is a worthless fellow."

"I am afraid he is; indeed, he must be, to have got into the situation at St. Judith's as he did. But, oh, Hurly," added Edwin, "if we all had our deserts, who would escape whipping? The poor fellow may be needy, if he isn't faultless; he must eat and drink, to live, you know. And, besides, he really was a good-natured fellow at school, for an usher, wasn't he?"

"You don't know so much about him as I do," I groaned.

"Why, I always thought that you and he were so very thick together at St. Judith's. What can make you so shy of him now?" Edwin asked. "Not, of course, that it would be right to keep company with him, being what we know he must be; but we might pass a word or two with him, for old sake's sake; and if he should want a little help, and could be got to say so—don't you see?"

"What could I do? I could see that, in the kindness

of his heart, and to avoid wounding the feelings of our old teacher, as well as in the hope of doing him some little service, Edwin was determined to find him out in his lodgings, wherever they might be; and that, if I did not accompany him, he would go alone. I knew, also, or could very easily imagine, that this renewal of acquaintance would be fraught with danger to my friend, as well as possible inconvenience to myself. I made another attempt, therefore, to turn Edwin from his purpose.

"How uncommonly earnest you are, Hurly!" said he, with much surprise. "You seem as though you thought some dreadful thing would happen from my passing a few friendly words with the poor fellow. Why, it was you and he between you—you principally, Hurly, but he helped afterwards, you know—who saved my life when I was all but drowned; and it would be very ungrateful—"

"Your father made him a handsome present, Edwin," said I, hastily; for I knew (though not till long after the event) that Mr. Millman put a twenty-pound note into Mr. Smithers's hand, as an acknowledgment of the service he had rendered.

"And you think that I ought to cry 'Quits,' then?" said Edwin, laughing; "but that was my father's gift, not mine, you know; and I think I owe the poor fellow something—at any rate, I mean to show him that I am not too proud to acknowledge him."

"You don't know so much of him as I do," I repeated, and groaned again, I dare say.

"You have seen him before to-night, since we left school, then?"

"No; but I saw him two or three times, and knew a great deal too much about him, before I went to school. I knew him first more than ten years ago; and his name is not Smithers any more than it is Rexworthy. His name is Bix; and, oh, Edwin! he is my own uncle—my mother's brother." I whispered this in my friend's ear, though there was no one near us. It might have seemed as though I were afraid that the very stones of the pavement on which we were then walking would hear me.

"Hurly!"

"It is all true, Edwin; and I will tell you all when we get to our lodgings. Don't let us talk about it in the street."

We soon reached our lodgings, and I poured into Edwin's ear the tale of my uncle's boyhood and youth, as I had heard it from Betsy Miller—told how and when I first met with him, and had been enjoined to secrecy; how I next fell in with him at Wingham, in Kent, under the disguise of a quack doctor; how I was led to suspect, and afterwards had my suspicions confirmed, that he was paternally related to the little Sophy Tindall whose praises I had often sounded in Edwin's ears. Then I went on to tell of my surprise and terror when, three years afterwards, he made his appearance at St. Judith's, under another name; and how, under the compulsion of his dark threats, I had promised to keep secret my previous knowledge of him. All this, and more, I told Edwin Millman, who sat with eyes wide open and a wonder-stricken countenance till I had finished.

"What a strange story!" he then ejaculated.

"Isn't it? But you don't blame me for not speaking of it, do you, Edwin?"

"No, Hurly. You couldn't help yourself, that I can see."

"I can assure you," I continued, "that I have suffered a great deal from knowing all these things, without being able to speak of them to any one."

"I don't wonder at it, Hurly: it is a great nuisance to have anybody's secrets to keep whether one likes it or not. But what puzzles me is why your uncle should have gone to St. Judith's at all."

"Don't you see," I replied, "that he had got his eye upon Marmaduke, and has still; and that he means to get a share in Mr. Falconer's fortune by-and-by; and that, when he found that I was at St. Judith's, he thought it necessary to stop my mouth as soon as he could by pretending to take me into his confidence?"

"I suppose that must be it," said my companion. "He is a clever fellow, though, for all he is a knave. I must call him that, in spite of his being your uncle. It is curious that we should meet with him here, isn't it?" I agreed that it was.

"Does it enter your thoughts that he planned it?" Edwin asked.

"Planned?"

"Yes; planned to pounce upon you, knowing you to be here."

"I do not see how he could get that knowledge, nor what advantage he can promise himself by following me to Fairmouth," I answered.

"Do you remember my father saying a little while ago that great rogues often take the most circuitous routes to accomplish their ends, when it would seem to others that a straight cut would be not only the shortest, but the easiest way?"

I remembered this very well, but did not see the bearing of the remark.

"I think I do, though I do not pretend to be very wise either," said Edwin. "Wait a moment: let me see. You say that your uncle has never been to Silver Square since that first time of your having any knowledge of him?"

"Never, I am sure."

"Can you guess why he has not?"

"Oh yes; very easily. He is a coward, and is afraid of Betsy Miller; he knows, too, that he is still in Mr. Falconer's power, and he has been told that if he annoys my poor grandfather, that power will be used against him."

"All that is plain enough. But, though he does not go to Silver Square, there is nothing to prevent his going near it, is there?" And, from some source or other, he may pick up a pretty accurate knowledge of all that is going on there."

I acknowledged this, and readily thought of the shopkeeper close by, with whom Betsy Miller dealt, and with whose wife she was in the habit of occasionally interchanging friendly words.

"Just so," observed Edwin, with a magisterial gravity which amused me, though I was in no very amusible humour; "and from that personage your uncle—I am sorry to give him that designation, but he has so many aliases, you know—your uncle may easily have obtained a knowledge of your present journey."

I remembered that my uncle had once spoken of the rumours in and around Silver Square that I was to be Mr. Falconer's heir, and I thought Edwin's conjectures to be feasible. "But," added I, "what possible good can he think to do himself by fastening upon me? Or, if he wished to do it, why not in London, without being at the trouble of coming to Fairmouth?"

"I think I can answer those questions, too," continued Edwin. "Supposing, for instance, that he wishes to have two strings to his bow, and so retain a hold upon you? He may think that, after all, it is not absolutely certain that you may not turn out to be Mr. Falconer's principal legatee; at any rate, he may believe that you

will be remembered in that gentleman's will; and you may be sure that your uncle would like to have some claim upon you, of friendship, or gratitude, or, perhaps, of terror."

"I can understand that," I said.

"And then," he went on, "there is your grandfather's property, which he may think worth looking after, in case of its not being left to him."

I shook my head. "I believe that, at one time or other, uncle William has had pretty nearly the whole of my grandfather's savings, and that there is very little for him to leave to any one," I said.

"Your uncle may not know this," rejoined Edwin.

"But supposing all that, why should he follow me down here?"

"For a good reason why. He knows that in London you have friends—my father, for instance; that is to say, he may probably know it, and judges it more prudent on his part to catch you at a disadvantage here, where you have no one besides a young fellow like me to stand between you and harm."

I thought then that many an older friend would have shown less judgment and acute perception than Edwin, and I said something to this effect.

My friend laughed. "Don't trust to that," he said. "I know I have not half your determination, at any rate, and should be more easily taken in. The only thing is that, in this case, not being so personally interested in this Rexworthy (to give him his present name) as you are, I may naturally see into his designs a little more clearly. And this is only a perhaps."

"But this entertainment of his—it must have taken some time to get up, and—and, in short, I don't see why he should fancy it worth his trouble. He might have followed us here without such a complicated scheme."

"Yes, but suppose the scheme not to be so complicated as it seems at first sight. Think, Hurly: it is three years since your uncle, as Mr. Smithers, left St. Judith's. And since then he must have picked up a living somehow. What more likely than that he should have returned to his vagabond habits, and taken up this new trade as more profitable than that of selling either spectacles or physio? A very little outlay would have been sufficient for his musical glasses, conjuring apparatus, and other stage properties; or they might even have been hired. Then, if you noticed, he was not particularly adroit in his performances: sufficiently so, perhaps, to amuse the frequenters of the low, sixpenny, half-theatrical places in London where such men as he manage to keep just within statute law; but it did not seem to me this evening as though he were accustomed to entertain a very select audience, and I fancy this made him feel more awkward than he need have been."

"It may be so," said I; "but I fancy, if the poor fellow has really taken up that line of life, he has not made much out of it."

"Hurly, my father said something to me once that I have never forgotten. He was talking about an unfortunate man who, though he was very clever, had never succeeded in anything. I was wondering how it was. 'Oh,' said my father, 'there's no occasion for much wonder. There are a great many clever people in the world who take extraordinary pains to starve, when they might fatten, if they would, without difficulty.'"

"Well," said I, "here my wretched uncle is; and the question is, what shall we do?"

"Let us plan for that to-morrow," said Edwin. "He won't break in upon us to-night, at any rate; and to-morrow will be a new day."

To-morrow was a new day, and gave me something to think about of more moment than my vagabond uncle. It brought a letter to me from Betsy Miller, entreating me to return home as soon as I could. My grandfather had received intelligence of the death of Mr. Falconer, and the shock was so great that he himself was incapable of writing to me; but she—Betsy Miller—desired earnestly to see me forthwith.

"I will go back with you, Hurly," said Edwin.

"No, don't do that: stay out your holiday," said I. "You have a fortnight's longer leave, you know."

"Oh, but I am all right now; and I want to get home. Besides, it will be no holiday for me here when you are gone."

So we hastily packed up our portmanteaus, and that day bade good-bye to Fairmouth. And whether Washington Rexworthy's entertainment succeeded during the remainder of the week we never knew. We learned, however, from our landlady, who had occasion to write to Edwin Millman, that that gentleman called at our lodgings about an hour after we left them, and seemed "put out" when he learned that we had left Fairmouth for good.

#### THE WATER-SUPPLY OF CITIES AND TOWNS.

##### III.

"Old London," says Mr. Smiles, in his "Life of Hugh Middleton," "had not only the advantage of its pure, broad-flowing stream along its southern boundary, so useful as a water-road, but it also possessed a number of wells, from which a supply of pure water was obtained adequate for the requirements of its early population. The river of Wells, or Wallbrook, flowed through the middle of the city; and there were numerous wells in other quarters, the chief of which were Clerk's Well, Clement's Well, and Holy Well, the names of which still survive in the streets built over them.

"As London grew in size and population, these wells were found altogether inadequate for the wants of the inhabitants; besides, the water drawn from them became tainted by the impurities which filter into the soil wherever large numbers are congregated. Conduits were then constructed, through which water was led from Paddington, from James's Head, Mewsgate, Tyburn, Highbury, and Hampstead. There were sixteen of such public conduits about London, and the Conduit streets which still exist throughout the metropolis mark the sites of several of these ancient works. The copious supply of water by these conduits was all the more necessary at that time, as London was for the most part built of timber, and liable to frequent fires, to extinguish which promptly, every citizen was bound to have a barrel full of water in readiness outside his door. The Corporation watched very carefully over the protection of the conduits, and inflicted severe punishment on such as interfered with the flow of water through them.

"The springs from which the conduits were supplied in course of time decayed; perhaps they gradually diminished by reason of the sinking of wells in their neighbourhood, for the supply of the increasing suburban population. Hence a deficiency of water began to be experienced in the city, which in certain seasons almost amounted to a famine. There were frequent contentions at the conduits for 'first turn,' and, when water was scarce, these sometimes grew into riots. The water-carriers came prepared for a fight, and at length the Lord Mayor had to interfere, and issued his proclamation forbidding persons from resorting to the conduits armed with clubs and staves. This, however, did not

remedy the deficiency. It is true the Thames was always available; but an increasing proportion of the inhabitants lived at a distance from the river; besides, the attempt was made by those who occupied the lanes leading towards the Thames, to stop the thoroughfare, and allow none to pass without paying a toll. A large number of persons then obtained a living as water-carriers, selling the water by the 'tankard' of about three gallons; and they seem to have formed a rather unruly portion of the population.

"The difficulty of supplying a sufficient quantity of water to the inhabitants by means of wells, conduits, and water-carriers, continued to increase until the year 1582, when Peter Morice, a Dutchman, undertook, as the inhabitants could not go to the Thames for water, to carry the Thames to them. With this object he erected an ingenious pumping-engine in the first arch of London Bridge, worked by water-wheels driven by the rise and fall of the tide, which then rushed with great velocity through the arches. The machine forced the water through leaden pipes, which were laid into the houses of the citizens; and the power with which Morice's forcing pumps worked was such that he was enabled to throw the water over St. Magnus's steeple, greatly to the wonderment of the mayor and aldermen who assembled to witness the experiment. The machinery succeeded so well that a few years later we find the corporation empowering the same engineer to use the second arch of London Bridge for a similar purpose.\*

"But even this augmented machinery for pumping was found inadequate for the supply of London. The town was extending rapidly in all directions, and the growing density of the population along the river banks was every year adding to the impurity of the water, and rendering it less and less fit for domestic purposes. Hence the demand for a more copious and ready supply of pure water continued steadily to increase. Where was the new supply to be obtained, and how was it to be rendered the most readily available for the uses of the citizens? . . . Various springs were known to exist in different parts of Hertfordshire and Middlesex; and many indefinite plans were proposed for conveying their waters to London. To enable some plan or other to be carried out, the corporation obtained an Act, towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, empowering them to cut a river to the city from any part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire; and ten years were specified as the time allowed for carrying out the necessary works; but from various causes, principally the largeness of the undertaking, this Act fell through, and the ten years expired without anything being done.

"In order, however, to keep alive the parliamentary powers, another Act was obtained in the third year of James I's reign (1605), to enable a stream of pure water to be brought from the springs of Chadwell and Amwell in Hertfordshire; and the provisions of this Act were enlarged and amended in the following session. . . . One William Inglebert petitioned the Court for liberty to bring the water from the above springs to the northern parts of the city 'in a trench of brick.' The petition was referred, but nothing further came of it, and the inhabitants of London continued for some time longer to suffer from the famine of water.

"In March, 1608, one Captain Edmond Colthurst petitioned the Court of Aldermen for permission to enter upon the work; but it turned out that the probable cost

was far beyond the petitioner's means, without the pecuniary help of the corporation, and, that being withheld, the project fell to the ground. After this, one Edward Wright is said to have actually begun the works; but they were suddenly suspended. . . . At this juncture, when all help seemed to fail, and when men were asking each other 'Who is to do this great work, and how is it to be done?' citizen Hugh Middleton, impatient of further delay, came forward and boldly said, 'If no one else will undertake this work, I will do so, and execute it at my own cost.'"

We need not repeat the history of Middleton and his stubborn undertaking, with the final triumphant results, all of which are set down in Nos. 512 and 513 of "The Leisure Hour." It will be enough for our present purpose to quote the particulars of the supply of water afforded to the metropolis by the New River Company at the present time. These particulars are now, as nearly as can be estimated, as follows:—The works of the company send into London about twenty-five millions of gallons of water daily, or some nine thousand millions annually. Of this vast amount

35 millions are consumed yearly for trades, &c.  
45 " for flushing sewers and other sanitary purposes;  
15 " for putting out fires;  
90 " for street watering; and  
8600 " for domestic purposes.

About 108,000 houses are on the company's books as having a supply, and the town district supply has an area of seventeen miles. The highest point to which the supply is given is 454 feet above high-water mark. The distribution of the water is made by about six hundred miles of cast-iron pipes, ranging in diameter from four feet to three inches, and by branch service-pipes of lead, estimated at an aggregate length of 1500 miles.

There are seven other water companies supplying London besides the New River Company, and, as their object is the same, they cannot differ materially in their modes of carrying it out. We shall set them down in chronological order, only stating such particulars as are necessary to be borne in mind.

The Kent Waterworks dates so far back as the year 1699; it drew its supply originally from the river Ravensbourne, but has long ceased to do so, and is now dependent upon artesian wells; it furnishes about four and a half millions of gallons daily to twenty-six thousand houses, by means of some hundred and seventy miles of main pipes. This company, about five years ago, purchased the Plumstead Waterworks, the product of which is about half a million of gallons daily, drawn from wells and supplied to three thousand houses.

The Chelsea Waterworks, started in 1724, yields eight and a half millions of gallons of water daily, and supplies twenty-seven thousand houses. It gets its supply from the Thames, near Thames Ditton, and distributes it through near two hundred miles of pipes.

The Lambeth Water Company was established in 1785. Its quota of water is about seven millions of gallons daily, drawn from the Thames near Kingston; it supplies thirty-three thousand houses, and the length of its main pipes is two hundred and sixty miles.

The Grand Junction Company started in 1798, and was so called because it drew its water from the Grand Junction Canal; it now derives its supply from the Thames at Hampton Court. It distributes seven and a half millions of gallons daily to eighteen thousand houses, and its length of main pipes is two hundred and ten miles.

The West Middlesex Waterworks was started in 1806; its source of supply is the Thames at Hampton, and it distributes seven and a half millions of gallons

\* The river pumping-leases continued in the family of the Morices until 1701, when the then owner sold his rights to Richard Soame for £39,000, and by him they were afterwards transferred to the New River Company at a still higher price.

daily to about thirty-one thousand houses; the length of its mains and branches is estimated at two hundred and four miles.

The East London Water Company was established in 1807; it draws its water from the river Lea, above Tottenham, and supplies eighty thousand houses with about seventeen millions of gallons daily; its total length of mains and branches is estimated at about three hundred and eighty miles.

The Southwark and Vauxhall Company, the most important of those on the south side of the Thames, was started in 1822. Like several other companies, it derives its water from the Thames, above the reach of the tide, and it furnishes daily ten and a half millions of gallons to about forty-three thousand houses. Its mains and branches are supposed to be near five hundred and seventy miles.

The total supply of water by all the London companies will be found to be not less than eighty-eight millions of gallons daily\*—a quantity large enough to fill a lake of sixty acres in area to the depth of six feet. It finds its way into three hundred and sixty-eight thousand houses and tenements, and is sent through more than two thousand five hundred miles of main pipes, while more than double that length of leaden pipes are used for the separate house service.<sup>†</sup>

The first water-pipes laid down were of wood, and they continued to be of wood for more than two hundred years. The substitution of iron pipes began about the year 1810, and extended over more than thirty years before it was completed. The loss of water by the wooden pipes—which were unbarked trunks of elm bored through—more than equalled the entire amount used by the consumers; it was further a constant cause of annoyance, by flooding the streets, in spite of the efforts of a class of workmen whose sole occupation it was to perambulate the district watching for leaks, and making repairs by the aid of appropriate tools which they carried with them. Sometimes the old rotten trunks would burst, and flood half a parish before the mischief could be remedied. Such accidents are now extremely rare, though, in case of mismanagement, the strongest iron pipe will burst under the high pressure which is sometimes found necessary to force the water against gravitation into the service-pipes. Some years ago a frightful water explosion took place near the "Elephant and Castle Inn," on the Surrey side of the river: an iron water-pipe of large diameter, belonging to a company deriving its supply from the Thames, suddenly burst with a noise like the roar of a piece of heavy ordnance, and blew several of the ponderous flagstones of the pavement over the roof of the nearest house, and sent them crashing through that of a linendraper's establishment, to the great alarm and peril of the inmates. Happily there was no life lost, but the mischief done was serious and costly. The explosion was caused by the reckless ignorance of a working plumber, who, wanting to repair a service-pipe in a dwelling, got possession of the turncock's keys in his absence, and thoughtlessly turned off the water at the main.

The supply of water from all the companies, as detailed above, gives to each inhabitant of the metropolis, upon

the average, more than thirty gallons a day; but, owing to the defective modes of distribution, which insure enormous waste in some places and constant scarcity in others, the aggregate quantity is found to be deficient, while the sources from which the major portion of it is derived are taxed beyond their power of production. While we write, some of the water companies on the eastern side of London are obliged to have recourse—at least so it is alleged—to impure and prohibited sources in order to make up their full quota. The enormous quantity of water drawn from the Thames above Kingston, by the companies above described, have so diminished the quantity of back-water which should fill the portions of the river at and below Richmond, that not enough remains to keep the channel of the stream in a sweet and healthy state. To obviate this evil it has been proposed to dam up the water by the construction of a new lock and weir at Isleworth or Brentford. It is estimated by the Conservancy Board that, by interposing this new lock and weir, some one hundred and sixty-seven millions of gallons of tidal water would be shut out daily from the portion of the river between the proposed weir and Teddington lock, and would of course be replaced by fresh, pure water: this is more than twice the quantity drawn from the Thames by the whole of the companies supplied from it.

One thing has long been plain to those intimate with this subject, and is gradually forcing itself upon the attention of the public—and that is, that the time is not far distant when a limit must be placed upon the drain of the Thames by the water companies. The loss of water they occasion already proves, in dry seasons, a serious hindrance to the navigation of the lower portion of the river; and if that is to be maintained, the exhaustion of the river must be put under restriction and confined to a definite amount. The rapid increase of the population, which cannot be less than 20,000 annually, necessitates a constantly and literally increasing supply of water, which it is easy to see will not continue to be met by the existing sources, if dispensed under the present system of distribution. Various plans have been mooted to meet the inevitable demands of the future. Among others, there is a project, said to be based upon surveys made by Mr. Hamilton Fulton, the engineer, for securing an inexhaustible supply of water from the river Severn, at Tewkesbury (we presume, above the junction of that river with the Avon), and conveying it to London, over a distance of near a hundred miles, by large iron pipes. It is stated that the promoters of this project propose to construct their pumping establishment and filter beds near Tewkesbury, with capacious storage reservoirs at Stamsey Hill, and with service reservoirs in the neighbourhood of Hampstead Heath, with an elevation of 400 feet above Trinity high-water mark—a height sufficient to give high pressure over the tops of all the London houses. The water of the Severn at Tewkesbury has been analyzed by eminent chemists, and it has been declared, after proper filtration, to be both pure and very soft; and, though it becomes turbid after floods, to which the whole valley of the Severn is subject at each recurring fall of the year, it has the property of depositing its impurities very rapidly. The Severn is remarkably free from the contamination of sewage, there being no large towns upon its banks nearer than Worcester (which is over twenty miles by water from Tewkesbury), the sewage of which could be diverted at comparatively small cost. Whether this scheme is practicable does not yet appear—it might depend upon the nature of the country through which the iron pipes would have to be laid—but, if once effectually carried out, there can be no doubt of

\* Since the time when these estimates were taken—and they are the latest to which we can have recourse—the population of London has increased to such an extent as to consume more than a hundred millions of gallons of water daily; the whole being supplied by the companies above enumerated.

<sup>†</sup> The annual gross revenue of the seven principal London companies in 1864 was £702,060; the working expenses were £275,547; and the amount actually paid in dividends and interest on borrowed money was, in the same year, 2404,585 ("Ed. Review," p. 398, No. 252).

the benefits it would confer; it would be like the gift of a second New River to London, which, like the first, would supply the wants of centuries.

A still more comprehensive plan has latterly been promulgated by Mr. W. J. F. Bateman, who proposes to supply London with two hundred and twenty million gallons a day from the sources of the Severn, comprising two large drainage areas, each of about 66,000 acres in extent; one of which is situated a little to the east of the range of mountains of which Cader Idris and Aran Mowddy are the highest summits, respectively of 2194 and 2979 feet in height, and forms the drainage-ground of the rivers Banw and Vyrnwy, which join the Severn about half way betwixt Welshpool and Shrewsbury. The other district is situated immediately to the east of Plynlimmon, 2500 feet in height, and forms the drainage-ground of the upper portion of the river Severn proper. The discharge-pipes of the lowest reservoir in each of these districts will be placed at an elevation of about 450 feet above the level of Trinity high-water mark. . . . . The water would be of a far better quality, containing only 1° 6 of hardness, than can be obtained from any nearer locality; indeed, these high mountain lands are the natural waterworks of a country. Mr. Bateman proposes in these districts to construct four reservoirs, containing an aggregate storage capacity of four thousand nine hundred and ninety-one million cubic feet, the embankments in no case to exceed eighty feet in height. By aqueducts of nineteen and twenty-one and a half miles in length respectively, the waters of the two districts would unite a little to the north-east of Montgomery, and from thence by a common aqueduct of 152 miles in length, open or tunnelled, according to the level of the intervening country, be conducted to high land near Stanmore, from which point the water could be supplied to the metropolis from service reservoirs, at high pressure, and under the constant supply system. At present the waters of these districts, estimated at one hundred and thirty million gallons per day, would be sufficient; and the necessary works, including the long aqueduct, of such dimensions as would conduct the full supply when it was needed, and the cost of connecting new piping with the existing systems, Mr. Bateman estimates at £8,600,000, the total estimate for a supply of two hundred and twenty million gallons per day being £10,850,000. But there are the vested rights to be dealt with, and the engineer estimates the gross cost, after capitalizing the present dividends and interest of the existing companies, if they are to be purchased; viz., £450,000 per annum, at twenty-five years' purchase, will be £19,850,000 for the first instalment of one hundred and thirty million gallons per day (exclusive of any of the New River supplies which may still be retained), or £165,416 per million. When the full quantity from North Wales is introduced, viz., two hundred and twenty million gallons per day, the total cost will be £22,100,000, or £100,454 per million gallons per day. A writer in the "Fortnightly Review," discussing this scheme, states that "the cost would amount to about one year's rateable value of the property within the district receiving the supply. . . . . The proportion of such an outlay has not been suffered to withstand improvements in many northern towns, which to this extent have availed themselves of the provisions of the Public Works Acts."

A still vaster scheme has since been mooted, of bringing the supply from the great lakes of Cumberland. It is thought, however, that this water would be unsafe, from the abundant lead mines and lead works of the district.

#### UNIVERSITY LIFE AT OXFORD.

PAUSING in our notices of the Colleges of Oxford, it may be interesting to many readers to be told something of the University in general, and especially its interior life.

We will first of all endeavour to trace the history of an imaginary undergraduate. At a certain period it may often become a question of great interest and importance to a young man's friends as to which university they should send him, and which college they should select in the university. In a great number of instances no perplexity arises. In many families Christ Church follows Eton in natural progression, or New College follows Winchester, or a Merchant Taylors' man goes to St. John's College, or a Welshman to Jesus College. But the great public schools, which are the main feeders of the universities, send up their scholars with equal impartiality to the different leading colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. Still, with many of the public schoolmen the choice of the university, or, at least, the choice of a college, is a matter of some embarrassment. When we come to the numerous grammar schools scattered about the country, the question becomes still further complicated by considerations touching expense, and the chances which a young man may have of helping himself, by gaining exhibitions and scholarships. In very many of these schools there are exhibitions, varying from a trifling to a very considerable value, which practically settle the question for those who obtain them. However, there are a great variety of scholarships at different colleges open to competition at the very outset, and an unsuccessful candidate at one college may be a successful candidate at another. It is not at all an uncommon thing that a young man of character and attainments should be able to secure for himself academical means sufficient for all his academical expenses. The great majority of Oxford men come up to college with ample means, and these pecuniary gains are not of real importance to them. Still, even rich men are not indifferent to pecuniary aids, and, as considerable credit is attached to the winning of scholarships, competition is very general, rather to the detriment of the poor student, for whose good they were originally designed. Formerly also there existed an immense number of close scholarships and close fellowships appropriated to particular localities, which have lifted many a poor, obscure man into comfort or great eminence; but for the most part these are now swept away, and the universities offer a clear field and no favour to all comers.

The present writer, having some experience of both Oxford and Cambridge, may be permitted to offer some observations on what appear the main differences between them. Oxford is considerably the more expensive of the two. The difference may be set down as being at least one-third greater. Where the Cambridge tutor ordinarily charges seven pounds, the Oxford tutor charges ten guineas. Where the caution-money in the one case is fifteen pounds, in the other case it averages thirty pounds. There is hardly any difference in the commons. The rent of college rooms is, on the whole, lower at Oxford than at Cambridge, and very frequently the rooms are much better. It is much more usual at Oxford than at Cambridge to find an undergraduate with two handsome sitting-rooms. Still, the general style of living and expense involves a much larger outlay at Oxford than at Cambridge. As a counterbalance to the increased expensiveness of Oxford, it is to be said that the competition for academical prizes is much more limited there than at Cambridge. For instance, the Gold-

smiths' Company give a set of exhibitions both at Oxford and Cambridge, which are competed for by examination. But the number of candidates for prizes of equal value is twice or three times as large at Cambridge as at Oxford. It is also to be said that the amount of real

ship at Cambridge than at Oxford. As an example, Oxford, whether wisely or unwisely, has to some extent discarded the accomplishment of versification in the dead languages. She sets it in examination, and amply rewards it when well done; but it is quite possible that a man



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, OXFORD.

work done at Cambridge for the most part very greatly transcends that at Oxford. The reading men at Oxford constitute a decided minority. But at Cambridge the reading men and the non-reading men are, speaking roughly, very much on a numerical par.

In making choice of a university for a young man of high promise, very careful regard ought to be paid to his intellectual character. It would be a mistake to send a young man of great mathematical ability to Oxford; and this is said with the full knowledge that Oxford has possessed mathematical teachers whose attainments can hardly be surpassed. But the value of a Cambridge mathematical degree is fully understood, while that of Oxford mathematical honours is by no means equally well defined. An Oxford man may have sufficient knowledge and abilities to be Senior Wrangler, or within the first six, and all he can hope for is a name in an alphabetical first class, which is very different in the eyes of the world, and in matters of distinction and reward, from the highest mathematical distinctions at Cambridge. In classics matters are more easily balanced, but with a great difference. An Oxford first class, in the final examination, is a surer distinction, and on the whole has probably a decidedly higher value, than the Cambridge first class, except perhaps as regards the first few places in the Cambridge classical tripos. Yet perhaps the Cambridge man is both the more extensive and the more elegant scholar. Greater attention is now paid to scholar-

should obtain the highest classical honours and yet not write a single line of iambic or hexameter. The university, in fact, deals with the great mass of pure scholarship, not in the final schools, but in her first public examinations, or Moderations. Thus Moderations answer more exactly to the Cambridge classical tripos; and, as the men spend a shorter time in preparation for it, and the examination is less severe, Moderations represent, as a rule, a lower degree of classical attainments than in the parallel Cambridge examinations. But, after this examination in scholarship, Oxford presses on her best scholars to the second public or final examination, to which Cambridge offers hardly any exact parallel, and where the greater difficulties are attested by the smaller number of candidates, and the scantier amount of distinction awarded. She assumes that the dead languages are mastered, of course providing abundant tests to ascertain both acquirements and deficiencies, and then examines into the subject-matter of the authors brought up, exacting both a very wide and deep acquaintance with all ancient history and philosophy, and with mental science generally. For the highest places there must be a knowledge of the best writers of logic and philosophy in modern literature, both in this country and on the Continent. To obtain the highest honours, a man must be on most intimate terms with Aristotle and Plato, Bacon and Butler, and the history of speculation as connected with them. It will thus be perceived that the Oxford

final school in classics, the flower and crown of her system, is essentially *sui generis*, and not very easily understood out of Oxford itself. It would, perhaps, be not unfair to say that Cambridge rather instructs and Oxford educates; that the one chiefly develops and encourages industry, accuracy, information; while the other rather demands great mental powers, originality, and the natural qualities which tend to make a man think. If she obtains thus much, Oxford will readily forgive false quantities, which with Cambridge form an impenetrable barrier against academical success.

The choice of a university, then, is of much greater importance than that of a college. Still, this point deserves careful discrimination, and should not be settled simply because a friend has gone to such a college, or his father was there before him. The general character which a college may be maintaining at a time is an item of consideration, and this character is fugitive, and may several times alter its complexion in the course of a generation. Migration from one college to another is much more common at Oxford than at Cambridge. At Cambridge, as a rule, though exceptions are not uncommon, a college fellow is elected from his own college, but at Oxford the fellowships are now generally open to universal competition. At Oxford it is not at all uncommon to find a man who, having entered at one college, has gone to a second by obtaining a scholarship, and to a third by obtaining a fellowship.

The university and the college being settled, the next great question that arises is, whether an Oxford undergraduate is to be a reading or a non-reading man; whether he is to go in for a pass or a class. Now only one answer can be admitted to such an inquiry. Every undergraduate ought to make up his mind to go in for a class of some kind. This fact cannot be too strongly insisted on. It has been well said by a competent authority, that "the mere pass can never be considered justifiable for any man of commonly good abilities, commonly good health, and commonly good education." The university now offers ample scope for every kind of knowledge and ability. She gives classes for natural sciences, and for "Law and History." It would be difficult to name a single department of human knowledge where she does not offer encouragement and substantial prizes. The amount of knowledge necessary simply to pass an examination and procure a degree is comparatively small, and is not sufficient fairly to tax the energies of men during their term of residence at the university. By reading regularly for only a few hours every day, there is no one who need despair of obtaining a respectable place in some class or other. A resolution to decline competing for honours is one of the greatest mistakes which any undergraduate can make, as it encourages him in habits of idleness and expense, and keeps him off from fair avenues to future distinction.

It is often necessary to make the choice of a college at a very early date. To secure admission at a great college, it is necessary, just as at the London clubs, to put down one's name several years before room can actually be found. It is also necessary that the forthcoming student should be properly introduced. A letter from any Master of Arts is sufficient; but a man naturally desires the most favourable auspices he can obtain. The undergraduate commences his future experience of examinations by being examined for his matriculation. As a rule, this examination is not very difficult; Alma Mater hopes that if she does not find him very bright she will turn him out something good in the long-run. Generally speaking, the standard for matriculation is very low. At Balliol, however, the matriculation

examination is severe, and such as often, perhaps, might obtain a scholarship at a smaller college.

Men may matriculate as noblemen, gentlemen-commoners, commoners, or bible-clerks and servitors. This distinction of ranks at the very outset is perhaps the most objectionable part of the university arrangements. The existence of noblemen as a separate class may perhaps be maintained as indicating a real distinction, although the evils of tuft-hunting, both to the tufts and those who hunt them, are real, and have passed into a proverb. The institution of gentlemen-commoners is much less to be defended, as simply indicating that these individuals have to pay double fees in various directions; and the fact that they constitute a small, expensive society among themselves is not a very healthy condition either for these men or the university. The number of gentlemen-commoners appears to be falling off; the class for whom the distinction was meant values it at its proper value. Servitors and bible-clerks, although they possess the privilege of paying very few and moderate fees, probably desire the effacement of a title associated with odious distinctions, now happily swept away.

The undergraduate now settles down into his rooms, which his scout (*gyp* is the Cambridge name) has set in order for his arrival. By statute he is obliged to be within the walls of the college, and not till the end of three years can the undergraduate go into lodgings. At Cambridge, on the other hand, he first goes into lodgings, and afterwards obtains college rooms. He must accept what rooms he can get, in the first instance, and be thankful. He must take what happen to be vacant and are allotted to him, and in the course of a term or two, if he so desires, he will have an opportunity of exchanging them for others better to his liking. During his first term also he will be called upon to pay his *thirds*; that is to say, he will have to pay the last occupant of the rooms for the furniture, according to a valuation. In the same way, when he leaves the rooms, he will also part with it on the same terms. No bill of items is furnished of the thirds; the sum charged rests at the absolute discretion of the broker. Another initial expense is laying in a stock of crockery and linen to last during the regular course. Then flutters in upon him a little snow-storm of circulars. These are from the tradesmen of the city, soliciting his custom. This is the first lurking temptation of the young undergraduate, this Oxford system of credit, which has been so often commented on. The young man finds that he can obtain any quantity of the world's goods without being under the necessity of paying for them. It has been urged on behalf of the system, that it sometimes enables a poor scholar to pass through the university where otherwise he might be unable to do so; and it is also to be said that the Oxford tradesman makes fewer bad debts than any other tradesman. Still, the payment of these debts often involves severe and prolonged privation and anxiety, and any casual good which a bad system may incidentally possess is not to be set against its general demerits. At the present time the Oxford tradesmen are generally glad to encourage short accounts or ready-money payments, and the three-years' credit system is more the fault of their customers than their own. Everything should be done to remove this terrible temptation from the weak and self-indulgent.

Our young scholar is now fairly commencing his first term. He finds that college is by no means a place for mere indolence and liberty. He is under a supervision, which is kindly meant and gently enforced, but which still is constant and strict. Every morning his scout enters

his room at an early hour, and calls him in good time for chapel. His attendance is always pricked on the list; and if he is absent from chapel more than once or twice a week, he is sent for by the tutor on the subject. He is unable to leave college after a certain hour; and if he returns late, or if any one leaves his rooms at a late hour, the exact time is taken down. The proctors and pro-proctors, with their men, called "bull-dogs," are constantly perambulating the city. He has regular lectures to attend at the rooms of the college tutor. The latter soon finds out his capabilities, and either drafts him off in an easy class for comparative dunces, or puts him in a "fast team," among men who may reasonably aspire to good honours. The attendance at lectures, and the quality of the work done, are carefully noted, and by these means and in various ways an accurate notion of a man's character and habits is gathered up. Beyond the college tuition, many men have private tutors, but not till much later in their course. The system of private tuition is carried to a much less extent than at Cambridge, and is much less necessary, although it cannot be entirely dispensed with by candidates for honours. The attendance at university lectures given by undergraduates, where ample instruction is given by the able and most eminent teachers, to a certain extent supersedes the necessity for private tuition.

In the first week or two of the first term, perhaps our undergraduate feels a little lonely and strange. This, indeed, will not be the case where the man has come from a public school where he has been popular. Such a one may literally have hundreds of visitors in the course of a term, and if he is wise he will endeavour to weed his list and select his friends judiciously. In a small college the men of the same year are generally well acquainted with one another, and sometimes each member of such a small community is very well known to the others. But necessarily this is far from the case in a large college. There men break up very readily into sets, according to school intimacies, family introductions, or chance companionship. The system of wine-parties is a very curious feature of Oxford life, forming as it does the ordinary basis or link of acquaintanceship. It is singular that a man is obliged, almost as a part of his college course, to lay in a stock of wine-glasses and give an order to a wine-merchant. A wise parent will examine very carefully into this and other matters. In former times this practice led to great and lamentable excesses, but such are now sternly condemned by public opinion at Oxford; and among the best men the modest entertainment of a glass of wine only forms an excuse for pleasant intercourse and animated conversation. Among the various advantages of university life there is no doubt but the society of the place is one of its greatest charms, and is of most essential use. A college friendship is most durable and valuable, and often colours a whole lifetime. Biography shows us various instances where such associations have proved living forces in after life, in shaping public opinion and influencing the course of events. The importance of this social influence at Oxford cannot possibly be exaggerated, and at Oxford perhaps more than anywhere else the old proverb is true, that a man is known by his friends.

The amusements of Oxford have often been described, and, so far from being voted frivolous, must be considered of the highest importance. Both the active and the sedentary may find abundant means of recreation; but of course the active element preponderates. The great Cambridge institution of a constitutional walk between two and four, along the Trumpington-road, by no means prevails to the same extent in Oxford. All the athletic

games—boating, crickets, fives, racquets—are in constant request at Oxford. For sedentary men there is the "Union," which, while most men belong to it, is almost constantly inhabited by men of a certain class. It is the easiest and most delightful of lounges. The luxurious rooms are all well furnished with books, newspapers, and periodicals, like the best of the London clubs; also with writing-rooms, and all other appliances and conveniences. The library is a very large one, and contains a collection of books selected with the utmost care; while for men of lighter tastes there is always a large quantity of books sent down from Mr. Mudie's. The great attraction of the "Union" is, however, the weekly debate, which has now a world-known reputation. This debating society has been the nursery of many great orators. The character of the debates deservedly stands very high. They are not confined to undergraduates, but various of the most distinguished graduates, junior fellows of colleges, and others take part in the debates, and impart to them a high character. The divisions on the subjects of discussion are not of the least importance, and afford little or no clue to the kind of attendance or the nature of the discussion. The room may be filled with hundreds of men to listen to the best speeches, and when they are over they go away without staying to vote, inasmuch as the vote is not of the least practical importance, and is chiefly given by a set of enthusiastic devotees, who make a point of staying to the very last minute. The literary and artistic tastes of undergraduates often find a field in local publications, which, generally speaking, are full of promise, but have only an ephemeral existence. Another "quiet" but very expensive taste is shopping; and those who know the imposing frontages of shop-windows in Oxford, the display of prints, photographs, jewellery, books with sumptuous bindings, ornaments, personal attire, will understand this very well. Driving in basket-carriages was at one time a favourite amusement, and also going off to the hunting-field in Hansoms. Hunting is unfortunately one of the recognised amusements of Oxford; unhappily, for those who indulge a costly amusement, which they may find a heavier expense (several guineas a day) than is prudent; and unhappily also for those who are well able to afford it, as inconsistent with the character and objects of a place of education. McLaren's Gymnasium is now a favourite resort for many young men who are greatly attached to strong physical exercise. Mr. McLaren's writings on these subjects possess a high order of merit, and some of them have been made text-books by Government. Cricket is one of the most honoured institutions of the University. The river-life of Oxford, with its college and universities' boat-clubs, might well take up a separate paper.\*

In reference to the expenses of the universities, our undergraduate will find that the expenses of his first year are considerably heavier than in after-years. Eventually a good deal of the money he has laid out will come back to him in the price which he obtains for his furniture, and the return of the larger part of his caution-money. It is difficult to estimate exactly the expenses of a university education. As a matter of fact, the charges in no two colleges are exactly the same, and in no two cases in the same college is the expenditure exactly the same. The college bills, called battels, are only a proportion of the university's expense, and in many instances only a very small portion. They do

\* For an amusing and genial account of the "University Boat Race on the Thames," by the Rev. Harry Jones, author of "The Regular Swiss Round," see "Leisure Hour," No. 745.

not include caution-money, travelling, wine, desserts, amusements, nor the account with the college cook for meals in rooms. A college never makes any profit from an undergraduate's bills; it only seeks that its means from endowments should not be encroached on, but should be applied to their proper uses. Still, very large profits are often made in the kitchen and buttery, and these make up the often excessive pay of the college servants. The Oxford University Commissioners reported that "a parent, who, after supplying his son with clothes and supporting him at home during the vacation, has paid for him during his university course not more than £600, and is not called upon to discharge debts at its close, has reason to congratulate himself." This estimate did not include the expensive item of private tuition. Others, however, set the lowest cost of a degree at £800, and perhaps £1000 is the average. There are a great number of frugal, self-denying young men, who refuse to contract debts, and limit their expenditure to absolute necessities, and whose calculations have made their expenditure as low as £160 a year. Everything should be done at the university to encourage modesty and simplicity of living: and when we reflect how large a proportion of Oxford men are sons of clergymen, and intended for the ministry, every attention should be paid to judicious suggestions for lessening expenditure.

#### PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES AMONG THE OUTER HEBRIDES.

##### CHAPTER V.—THE CRUISE OF THE "SHAMROCK"—A LIGHT-HOUSE.

We found the families of the Barrahead light-keepers the embodiment of robust health of body; but the parents were deeply pained that their eleven hardy obstreperous children were growing up without the ability to read or write, and were as urgent in their desire for a teacher as the natives below. The surveying officer had attempted some civilizing operations upon this heap of noisy humanity, but had failed. This unfortunate gentleman had been living for a week on old sea-biscuits and musty tongue; for six weeks he had received neither letter nor newspaper, and for a fortnight had swept the sea with his glass in search of the slow-coming deliverance. He regarded his four months' exile in Bernera as by far the hardest and most horrible part of a long career of surveying service extending over half the globe.

People who, under any other species of compulsion, reside in this or in any other exposed island, erect their abodes in the most sheltered nooks and crannies which they can find; but the compulsion under which light-keepers live chooses the most exposed place possible, when for half the year they cannot stir outside without the sailor's risk of having "their teeth blown down their throats." Such a completely shelterless dwelling as the Barrahead lighthouse I never beheld: it is like a hill-top, with the addition of being afloat, or like a mast-head in a gale. In a south-wester it must be hard for the light-keepers to believe that their eyrie is on *terra firma* at all, or that the very *terra firma* itself will not be wrenched from its moorings, to be hurled upon its dreary neighbour the island of Mingalay. It was more easy than satisfactory to picture the lives of these families during the long winter months, with their night of sixteen hours, when the solid granite fabric appears to rock in spite of clamps and bolts, when the quadrangle, whose walls are 645 feet above the sea, is so full of water from the drifting surf that they open scuppers to let it out, and when the thick glass of the light-room is cracked by jets of spray. A wild life it truly is for the eighteen

souls shut up within those granite walls, buried in drizzling gloom four-sixths of the time; no creature landing on the booming shores, no regular posts, few sails seen bigger than a butterfly's wing upon the distant shimmering blue, no religious ordinances, no medical aid in case of need, and no neighbours, except a few people alien to them in faith and speech. Occasionally, for a week at a time, no one can stir outside the lighthouse walls, without the risk of being blown over the cliff—the fate of a former light-keeper, whose warning tomb is not far off. It is not on record that community of hardships, here or elsewhere, produces community of kindly sympathy. Sundry homely similes, borrowed from the antipathies of animals, are unhappily applicable; but these mutual hatreds, jealousies, and rivalries are relied upon as producing a check which ensures fidelity to duty in those cases where the supervision of higher officials is impossible. The maternal instinct is at the root of most of these miserable bickerings, and the quarrels and tale-bearings of eleven unmanageable children must be a prolific source of strife at Barrahead. During the last six years the island has only been visited by the lighthouse steamer "Pharos" and H.M.S. "Shamrock," and only one lady visitor, before the ladies of our party, is



UST COITER WITH "CASCHROM."

on record since records were kept. Our visit was three months after the time at which they expect vessels, and in all probability they would not see another, except on the horizon, for six months.

There can scarcely be a grander view than that from this lighthouse, and the two hours which I spent in the balcony running round the light-room have left impressions which have engraved themselves among unforgettable things. Two miles to the north of Bernera is the island of Mingalay, with its dark and scowling precipices, a thousand feet in height, and between them the two lofty and caverned islets which stand as sentries of the stormy strait. The waves were breaking into one chasm of Mingalay with such force that the spray rose to a height of 300 feet, and the compression of the surge by which this was produced made itself audible by a concatenation of sounds as if—

"In the caverns of the Dom-Daniel,  
Deep beneath the roots of the ocean."

the offending monsters of the waves were groaning in penal woe. Eastwards, the dim blue outlines of the mainland mountains were scarce tangible enough to bound the horizon; to the south and west there was an expanse of ocean unbroken by a sail. Just outside of



VIST WOMAN WITH PEAT-CRUEL.

the balcony is the Pictish wall; and, not many feet beyond, a precipice, 630 feet in depth, descends sheer to the sea, naked from base to summit, unadorned by the tender flowers with which nature crowns the heads of other cliffs, or the tangled weeds with which she delights to drape their feet. Stern, black, and bare, it descends to the deep ocean. The fairer forms of gentler seas—the green, crimson, and purple weeds—have no place here; and there is not on any side of the island even the narrowest strip of sand, on whose wet wrinkles soft-tinted and tender shells may lie. Below the balcony is one of the most tremendous chasms in Britain, whose inky sides compressed the snowy surges in an awful gulf, where they boiled and raged as if enduring torment. Looking seawards, the great blue mountainous surges of the Atlantic were rolling up in strength, as if even these granite ramparts might hardly say, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther." On they came in their might, but, ever recoiling, were broken and hurled high in air; hurled so high that, even in this eyrie, I felt their spray, foaming white as snow in the madness of unrestraint, hurrying into black abysses, to be updriven through small orifices in hissing jets, crashing into caverns, booming like artillery against the unshaken walls, defeated, yet even from defeat gathering strength for fresh assaults, on and on for ever. The clouds were mixed of all colours, and, reflected in the sea, were ever dissolving and remingling like the hues on a sheet of mother-of-pearl. The distance was that delicious tint which is neither purple nor blue, and the same fascinating indecision was everywhere; even the nearer surges disdained uniformity of shade, and were green, gray, purple, or steely, with strangely-reflected light. There was such unlimited space, such a waste of power, such prodigality of colour, such bands of effulgent light on the sea, so unearthly, in their dazzling whiteness, as to seem to stream direct from the throne of Him for whom and by whom are all things—rays from the light which no man can approach unto; such solitude, and such an undefined but overwhelming sense

of infinity and eternity. Titanic voices were for ever sounding on: now the roar as of countless cannon from some red battle-field; then the roll, now far, now near, caught up and endlessly repeated, as of tropical thunder—deep, sullen, cavernous boomings from depths unexplored, as if the solid earth were about to be riven; voices of earth and ocean questioning in ceaseless chorus, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

All the islanders came to the landing, to see our embarkation and shake hands with us; but our gig had no sooner put off than they all paddled away in their great boat, and got into the ship, where they had already spent some hours; but it seemed that they were never weary of the sight of the black cook, whom at first they had taken for the devil! They also thought that they could obtain sails, and spars for bird-poles, from the commodore; and, indeed, we were fairly under way before they were all packed into their big craft. After some discussion as to the feasibility of a change in our plans, instead of returning by the way we came, we went straight out into the Atlantic for some mysterious purpose connected with the measurement of the distance at which the Barrahead light could be seen. The commodore had arranged with the light-keepers to light up an hour earlier than usual, and had not only secured a Bernera pilot in addition to good old John, but had taken the precaution of leaving orders with the officers in the hut at Kisimul Bay to go out at night-fall, and moor their boat over the dangerous sunken rock at the entrance, burning a powerful lantern until we passed, in order to avoid the serious risk of making the anchorage in the dark. It was three in the afternoon when we got up the steam and the anchor and faced the open Atlantic. The island gates were shortly passed, and through a snowy surge we emerged upon that great and wide sea whose farther shore is Labrador.

Blithely, yet grandly the blue hills rolled towards us, lifting us high on their summits, burying us out of sight of aught but themselves, in their majesty of power tossing the "Shamrock" absurdly over them as though she



SOUTH VIST CRONE.

were a child's toy, suggesting, among more elevated ideas, the nursery jingle—

"Here we go up, up, up:

"There we go down, down, down."

Most landsmen have a great horror of the "down, down,"

down," the sinking no one knows how far, and the slight tremulous pause; but in a true lover of the sea it produces a mysterious sensation of joy; and, as the ship lifts to the coming wave, shaking her strong sides, and flinging the foam from her bow as if in triumph at her own buoyancy, the whole being of man and ship and sea seems linked for the moment in one bond of joyous sympathy. Even the "Shamrock," "old tub" as she is, seemed transformed when the wild waves touched her, and, though she scooped up the water with her bulwarks till it rushed through her scuppers, she seemed to have a little fresh life, and the roar and reverberation of the sea drowned the "blast" of the engines and the clatter of mechanism with the great grand voice of nature. The cliffs of Mingalay were crimsoning with the slant rays of the sinking sun, yet rose gaunt and pitiless from the huge blue surges which they were relentlessly crushing into masses of snowy foam; masses, not breaking into child's laughter of sparkling spray, but grim and relentless as human destiny. Between us and them were great sunken reefs of rock, and over these the jubilant floods clapped their hands in uncurbed wildness, or gambolled like young sea-horses in awful play. From different sides great white-created waves came pawing in, beating their mad heads together, then dissolving into mists of spray, reddening with the sunbeams, or flickering in rainbows. And all round every island the great ocean boiled and surged, and his hoarse voice, repeating no one knew what except God's praises, was answered from every jagged rock; gulls shrieked overhead as they laboured against the breeze; porpoises performed uncouth gambols; and the ever-purpling distance kept breaking out into lines of light, as though the October sun were loath to quit a scene which his light only made so glad. Yet he was sinking gloriously, and the whole sea was one expanse of ever-forming and dissolving hills of blue, sparkling amethystine here and there, with emerald gleams about their crests; but great white clouds, which all the afternoon had lain like silver islands on the horizon, purpled too, and blackened, rising upwards steadily from the malignant south-west, betokening coming storm. And there were long, slippery hollows, too, where the foam slid away into the shadow-valleys from which the blue-green, contorted, foam-flecked sides of the next wave were seen, with its white ridge clear against the sky.

I do not envy the man or woman who has no sympathy with this strong, grand, restless, vociferous old ocean giant, or whose spirits do not rise when the ship's head points seaward. For a ship is a thing whose life is inhaled from ocean breezes, and whose path is over the ocean foam; a thing half of air, and half of water; a thing with a human personality, to be loved and clung to, like a bride, till death part the twain. So human—one sluggish, surly, common-place; another generous, free, responsive, blithely answering to the lightest touch of man's hand, open-hearted, flinging right royally from her white wings the fragrant breath of sunny climes, gales of frankincense and sandal-wood, the odours of those enchanted, mysterious shores where fancy has ever located the ivory palaces of her dreams. And though this old Atlantic has not the magic of the bright Pacific, with its steady breezes, and balm-breathing isles, and strange birds, and many-tinted dolphins—though it lacks the sunny blue of the dull, pulseless Mediterranean—it has its own grandeur, and the charm of a most distinct individuality. It is full of human instincts, and swayed by human passions. It seems a stupendous mockery or mimicry of our worst moods in its fury, malignity, and treachery. There is something

fiendish in its very joy; its mirth is madness, and its "multitudinous laughter" is colder than a siren's smile. A chilly monster it is, too, with its bosom gemmed with icebergs, glutting itself on human life, howling for its prey amid hideous islands; insatiable, revengeful; a creature to be fought and wondered at, but never loved; yet so fascinating withal, that, after it has done its worst, one seeks it yet again. It is most inexplicable. If it were the glad Pacific, with its heavenly days and nights, or—

"The dashing,  
Silver flashing  
Surges of San Salvador."

which sowed the seeds of this ocean fever, it were easily understood; but it rises highest on the Atlantic, with the chilly water washing white over the ship's bows, as she plunges her lee-scuppers deep into the universal welter of the billows with every surge ahead, every spar straining, and only a shivering lull between; and for days and nights nothing but a yeast of mist, scud, and darkness, with heavy seas towering up astern, a yell of "Ice ahead!" for a variety, and a blink of something ghostly white through the drifting spray.

This taste of the ocean was enough to rouse the latent love of being afloat: the very feeling of the salt spray stiffening on the cheek made one long to follow the sun to the fiery distance in which he was at last quenched. We stopped far away in the ruddy, mysterious twilight, and rolled about for half an hour, every eye straining through a glass to catch the first flash from the lofty tower of Bernera; and it came at last, no dim light flickering in the night-wind, but a full, bright orb, high up among the stars. After sighting it, we ran through the Sound of Sandray, and came close in shore to take soundings, then steered northward slowly, stopping and sounding till we came up with the boat-lantern on the rock, and were soon at our old anchorage, and on heard the "Rose." It was a fine night. A wan, watery moon appeared at the extremity of a circular cavern of prismatic colours; stars looked out, and shivered as they looked, each star with an ugly belt of luminous mist; and the waves, which out at sea, heaped together by mighty winds, looked like hills of green glass lighted by internal lamps of fire, rolled into Kisimul Bay in gentle undulations, patched with phosphorescence, trailing and fitful like ghostly garments.

In the morning the silver islands of the previous afternoon were dissolving in torrents of rain, and in a dismal twilight the anchor came heavily up to the bow, and the "Shamrock" towed us out to a rock, where we deposited an officer, a boat's crew, and a beacon, and were then towed out to sea. I was heartily glad when the gunboat signalled that she must cast us off; for the dead motion of a ship in tow, dragged through the seas, instead of rising over them, is quite intolerable. There was a very stiff breeze, with great, thumping squalls of rain, and a heavy, ugly sea; and in the six hours' run to the Loch Boisdale anchorage the yacht behaved very discreditably, standing on her head and stern, pitching, jerking, and lurching, and two or three times the sails jibbed so violently as to send everything adrift that was not well lashed. After reaching Loch Boisdale, the stiff breeze increased to a furious south-wester, which blew for thirty-six hours, when the wind chopped round to the north and fell to nothing. Even at anchor there was considerable motion. On Sunday the "Rose" began to drive, and scraped her keel on a rock, but was soon placed in a safer position. Loch Boisdale looked most wretched; the water was soaking out from the saturated hills, and the bay looked yet blacker than before.

There was little inducement to leave the cabin, but we went on board the unfortunate Norwegian brig wrecked a week before, which lay against the rocks completely waterlogged. Much of her was above water, being timber-laden, and the neatness and cleanliness of the small cabins and galley were wonderful, and the well-dressed and *thrifty* aspect of the crew. The captain and mate, who owned the vessel, were broken-hearted at her loss: she, too, had been married to the sea with mirth and feasting, and dearly these mariners loved their ocean bride. If a launch is joyous, a wreck is one of the saddest of all sights; and this relentless Blue Beard Ocean is a creature to be abhorred by those who look back to the espousal day. These seamen were full of gratitude to "der goot cappen who take neider der gold nor der drink-money for der mens." On the mate being asked what made him think the "Shamrock" was a Queen's ship, he replied, "I did take de for von old trader, den I heard de mens singing out der faddoms, and I said, 'Here von goot British ship of var: she vill save us.'" A deserved satire on the old fabric.

One post had come in during our absence, and a small vessel arrived from Glasgow, which brought letters and papers a fortnight old for myself; but there were no orders from the Admiralty, and nothing new at all, except a most welcome and unexpected sight, the vessel long given up as lost which was bringing coals for the "Shamrock." She was an old-fashioned, dilapidated sloop, sails rotten and patched, rigging slack and spliced everywhere; nothing fresh about her but three gigantic cabbages brought from Ireland, which were hanging over her stern. The master, a genuine Irishman, full of fun and humour, and with a most refreshing brogue, told us his stormy story, the gist of which was that, soon after leaving a Welsh port, they encountered a gale which nearly finished them, but they succeeded in running into Kingstown, which haven, to judge from the roguish twinkle in Paddy's eye, they had not been in any hurry to quit.

The wind was keen and furious enough to decapitate any venturesome head which appeared above the hatch, but we landed during a brief lull in order to visit a sick child living in a hut near the shore. This hut, though its nearly flat roof rested on the *inner*, not the outer edge of the wall, was externally better than some others, but we could hardly reach it for the morass. A bow-legged girl came to meet us, and sank up to her knees in the quagmire, and this when stones fit for stepping-stones were lying about at the very door. It can only be supposed that these people have a dash of the ichthyosaurus blood, and prefer the "feel" of chilly slime to anything hard and dry. Inside this abode was worse than any hut I ever entered. The oppressive smell of dirt overpowered that of the peat smoke, which was so thick that we could hardly discern anything, and acrid enough to bring tears into the eyes; and tears were far from inappropriate. The earthen floor was all in holes, some dry, some wet. In one of the wettest a crippled infant was dabbling its long, lean fingers. There was no light but that which came through the smoke-hole, and this also served to admit great gusts of a most perverse wind, which blew the smoke down, and left it to densify inside. Peat reek dripped from the roof, and five human beings looked as if peat smoke had so permeated their tissues as to become part of their being. Over the peat fire, which smouldered drearily, sat an ancient crone, who had been dried in smoke till her skin was hard and withered like a mummy's, and a puny infant on her knee looked up with old pinched features

like her own. A sickly woman, scantily clad, sat on a heap of ashes, rocking to and fro. The sick child lay on a dirty blanket on the floor, with the smoke and embers driving into his blear eyes. There was no partition in the den, but two cows and some poultry seemed to understand that it was proper for them to keep at the other end; at all events, when visitors were present. From the dripping rafters hung some dried fish, but I did not see any furniture except a wooden stool, or any plenishings but an iron pot and a heap of something like straw and blankets where the shadow was the most profound. Outside was broad daylight, within a dusky gloom. The women were sitting with their feet in the ashes, doing nothing when we went in, and composed themselves to do nothing again when we came out. To our eyes, and our thinking, this was a wretched existence; but its worst woes were self-inflicted. Is it that these, and the legion of these, "canna be fashed"?

On the broad, bright sweep of the American prairies, or in the mysterious forests of the Hudson's Bay, it is possible to catch the prairie or forest fever—that rebound of man to his native state of savagery in which the last sigh after civilization is extinguished, and the limitless space and limitless freedom, with climates in which a nomadic life is possible, soon attenuate to nothing the ties which bind him to society, with all its fettering and complicated arrangements; but in these islands there is barbarism without liberty, solitude without grandeur, discomfort without picturesqueness. The interests of life are narrowed within the smallest possible limits, circumstances are all adverse, and the triumphs which men elsewhere win over circumstances are altogether unknown. The islands are but "a fisherman's walk—two steps, and overboard," "hummocks of rock, rising out of desolate, rainy seas." Winter brightens only into a faint mimicry of summer; the land is without colour; the water is without ships; the skies are for ever darkened by storms; the wind, howling over the bogs, and whistling over the bent, is significant only of disaster; the sea moans wearily on silent shores; solitary and ill-omened birds croak responsively; communication is difficult, isolation and desolation are extreme. The "Outer Hebrides" are deserts without an oasis, the sport of winds and waves.

#### GENERAL DROUOT.

The following notice of General Drouot, the favourite artillery officer of Napoleon, appeared in an American paper about the commencement of their civil war. It was, doubtless, hoped that amid the horrible scenes of warfare there might be found men of Christian faith and virtue like the veteran of the French Empire. Nor was the hope disappointed, for the dark passions of unchristian strife were relieved by the personal piety and noble character of many a Christian soldier on both sides, under such chiefs as McLellan and Stonewall Jackson.

Among the great soldiers who surrounded the first Napoleon, there was, as might be expected, a prevalence of the current infidelity of the day. While glory and patriotism bound them to faithful service of their country, there was among them a lack of sturdy principle. Hence the shameful manner in which so many of the recipients of his bounty forsook their Emperor in the day of his decline. Conduct like that of Moreau and Jomini, much more that of Berthier, and others with him, after the fall at Fontainebleau, can never receive the approbation of honourable men. In striking contrast with these were Macdonald and Drouot.

Drouot, the commander of the artillery of the Imperial Guard—"the illustrious Drouot," as Thiers calls him—was a man worthy of remembrance and admiration elsewhere than in his native France. He was born at Nancy, and entered the school of artillery in 1793, at the age of nineteen years. His great military talents, which were rapidly developed in the subsequent wars, brought him to the notice of Napoleon in Egypt, and caused him to be appointed, in 1808, colonel of the foot-artillery of the Imperial Guard. In the campaigns of Wagram and Russia he added to the glory of his high reputation, and reflected honour on the distinguished corps to which he belonged. In the midst of his hundred guns, he was at the head of Macdonald's terrible column when the empire rocked to its foundations on the field of Wagram. In 1813, appointed general of brigade and aide-de-camp to the Emperor, he fully justified the high confidence reposed in him by his master, in the management of the guard. His cool and faultless judgment, his quick and unerring eye, his familiarity with danger, his perfect self-possession under the most terrific fire, his vigour and promptitude of execution, the peculiar intuition and scientific attainments required especially for that arm of the service—all existing in him in rare combination, and perfected by constant experience on so many desperate fields, enabled him to handle his formidable artillery in such a way as to win the admiration of the Emperor, and contribute materially to the successes of the closing period of the Emperor's glory. At Lützen, at Bautzen, at Dresden, and other celebrated fields, by the genius and rapidity of his manœuvres he did much towards supplying, by the terrible fire of his artillery, the deficiency resulting from the youth and inexperience of the French infantry, no less than from the want of sufficient cavalry; and did all that human exertion could do, in his position, for securing the victories gained, and for arresting the disasters that followed. He merited the judgment given of him by the Emperor at St. Helena—"There were not in the world two such officers as Murat for the cavalry, and Drouot for the artillery." At Fontainebleau, when so many of the men on whom Napoleon had lavished honours forsook him shamefully, Drouot was unwavering in his affection, and shared the exile at Elba. From Antibes to Paris Drouot led the advance guard on the Emperor's return. He was at Napoleon's side when the two squares of the guard and two pieces of cannon were all that remained to cover the retreat of the broken cohorts, and stem the tide of the victorious allied hosts in the rout at Waterloo.

On the 6th of April of the following year, Drouot was brought before a council of war, for his adherence to the Emperor during the Hundred Days. He had been confined in the Abbaye. On his trial, the testimony of the witnesses was unanimous in eulogizing the accused. Marshal Macdonald in particular rendered a brilliant testimonial to the excellence and loyalty of his character. One witness testified that he heard the Emperor say, during the return from Elba to France, "If I had followed the advice of the sage—meaning Drouot—I would never have left the Island of Elba." The words of Drouot before his judges are full of nobleness, courage, and honour: "If I am condemned by men who judge of actions only by appearances, and after their issues, I shall be acquitted by a sterner judge—my own conscience. By those who regard the fidelity of oaths, I shall be justified; but, although I attach great value to their opinion, I attach more to the peace of my own conscience. I await your decision with calmness. If you believe that my blood will avail in preserving the tranquillity of France, my last moments will be peaceful."

He was acquitted by a vote of four against three, and was set at liberty within four-and-twenty hours. He went into retirement at Nancy. Still firm to his principles in adherence to the Emperor, he refused all offers of pensions and preferments, and spent there with his brother, a physician, the remainder of his days.

The Emperor Napoleon had the highest opinion of the abilities and character of Drouot. By his will he left him a legacy of one hundred thousand francs. He believed him possessed of all the qualities necessary for making him a great general, and thought him superior to many of his marshals. "Drouot is a man," said he, "who has lived as contentedly on forty sous a day as he could have done with the revenues of a prince. His morality, his integrity, and the simplicity of his life would have done honour to the brightest days of the Roman Republic." There is no one of the generals of the empire who combined with his military abilities the moral excellences of Drouot. It has been truthfully said that his high character was a marvel amid the denizens of camps; that, as a warrior, he possessed the chivalry of Murat; as a citizen, he exhibited the virtues of Lafayette.

He possessed more than the civil virtues of Lafayette. For his remarkable moral excellence, standing out as it did among influences so hostile to its existence, and in the midst of characters presenting so deep a contrast—for this singular excellence of Drouot, no less than for everything else that is singular in moral worth, there is a reason. The secret of his character is found in the fact that he was a Christian. He not only bore the name, but sustained the consistency of the profession of Christ, amid much temptation, opposition, and ridicule, nobly.

He always carried a pocket Bible, and was not ashamed to let the members of the imperial suite see that his great happiness was in poring over its pages. As he was reserved with his command for critical moments and great emergencies, he might sometimes be seen sitting on the grass by the road-side, reading his Bible, until the command came that summoned him to action. When a great battle was at hand, and he was about to advance at the head of his troops, he always dressed himself in his old uniform of a general of artillery. When leading into battle he usually dismounted from horseback, and marched in the midst of his guns. It is remarked that neither himself nor his horse was ever wounded. Like all truly good and great men, he was modest and unassuming. He long survived the master he had served so faithfully, and whose confidence and affection he deserved so well. He died, we believe, within fifteen years past, at Nancy, in France, sustaining till the last his high character as a Christian. The winter before his death was one of unusual severity and suffering for the poor. This great soldier and good Christian found his greatest happiness in efforts to relieve their wants; and when his private means were exhausted, took the rewards and honours which had been conferred on him for noble deeds on hard-fought fields of France's glory, and sold them for raising means to relieve the needy and wretched. He was followed to the grave by the homage of the nation whose glory he had done so much to exalt; but received a more touching testimonial to his greatness in the tears of the poor around him, whose necessities he had struggled so manfully and with such self-denial to relieve. With the same unostentatious modesty that had marked his heroic and glorious life, he required that no other inscription should be placed on his tomb than the simple words—Antoine Drouot, General of Artillery—with the date of his birth and death.